

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 31.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
 Protesting Attorney, L. M. McLintic.
 Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
 Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Burns.
 Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.
 Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.
 Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
 Commissioners Co Court, C. E. Beard,
 G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.
 County Surveyor, George Baxter.
 Coroner, George P. Moore.
 Justices: A. C. L. Gatewood, Split
 Rock; Charles Cook, H.
 Grose, Huntersville; Wm. I. Brown,
 Dunmore; G. R. Curry, Academy;
 Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.
 County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC,
 HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,
 LAWYER,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
 DENTIST,
 MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
 RESIDENT DENTIST,
 BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,
 HAS LOCATED AT
 FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

It becomes our painful duty to try to reduce to intelligibility Mr. Hicks' somewhat indefinite forecasts for the month of March. As near as we can read his almanac, the month will open with the storms of February working across the east. The storm period commences on the 4th when the celestial bodies come at us six deep. From the 4th to the 12th we will feel the combined forces of the Moon, Vulcan, Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Jupiter. It is doubtful whether we were ever attacked by such rabble heretofore. About the 12th, or the end of this period, the baneful influence of the ground-hog will have spent itself. We will have a cessation of hostilities then until the 16th when the equinoctial period will proceed to give us particular fits. The reactionary storms of the 23d and 24th are then to be expected. The last storm period is from the 26th to the 29th when two storms will pass over the country. This leaves us the 30th and 31st to plant potatoes, one of which days is Sunday. The weather prophet says "Watch March," but you may safely say that he cannot say "Watch March" very often in quick succession without getting tangled up. Upon the whole we cannot expect much surcease from sorrow during this month. We are promised better things in April.

In thinking about the Brooklyn labor troubles, it seems singular that eight or ten thousand soldiers and two thousand five hundred policemen could not instantly suppress the rioters. They outnumbered the strikers two to one, and were splendidly equipped with improved weapons. The sympathies of these armed peace preservers must have been with the operatives to such an extent that even their oath to the city and State to suppress disorder, did not influence them to shoot down at once the complaining and famished workmen in their protest against tyranny and avarice. It looks as if these sworn guardians of the peace went as far as they could in the matter of leniency, without incurring liability to charges for insubordination or treason. The special significance of such action on the part of the citizen soldiery indicates they had no heart in enabling corporations to oppress their employes, and it seems that the soldiers and policemen must have been sure that outside of the disorderly violence, the justice of the controversy was on the side of the suffering working-men, and so they refrained as long as possible from bloody punishment.

This seems to be the age of timidity with our statesmen. In our own Legislature the new brooms came in and failed to make any radical changes in the existing laws. With Congress each party wishes to make the other party responsible for any decided step towards bettering the condition of things. We will have to cry out presently "Oh, for a man!"

FRED DOUGLASS, the great negro statesman, is dead. For more than a quarter of a century he has been prominent in the affairs of the nation. He was born a slave, though the greater part of him was white. He has never had any desire, it seems, to choose his associates from the negro race.

POETRY.

For the TIMES.

On the Head of Elk River.

The commercial man was freezing fast,
 As up the Old Field Fork he passed,
 Chilled to the bone by every blast!
 The driving snow obscures his view.
 He fears he cannot struggle through,
 He's where the cold waves rendezvous,
 On Elk!

The ice upon his mustache bold
 Seems destined to uproot its hold;
 His face is parboiled with the cold!
 His gallant steed is loath to go
 On struggling with the drifted snow—
 Cursed be the winds that always blow
 On Elk!

A shirt-sleeved sovereign of the soil,
 Sits cooling from his daily toil.
 Oblivious of the storm's turmoil!
 The frozen drummer hears him say,
 He's hit the time to come that way,
 It is a very pleasant day,
 On Elk!

He meets a maiden there-a-bout,
 An Elk ideal, big and stout, (lookout!)
 "You'll freeze," he says, "if you don't
 "Oh, bless you no," said the gentle soul,
 "I'm out for to take a pleasant stroll,
 The air is quite balmy to-day on the
 whole,"
 On Elk!

OURSELVES

AS NEW YORKERS SEE US. "HAPPY IN THEIR IGNORANCE."

A Curious Race in the Mountains of West Virginia.

(The New York Sun says.)

"I read in the New York Sun the other day," said a New York dealer in roots, "the item from Wheeling about Meyer Horkeimer finding 27½ pounds of shot in a shipment of ginseng root he had received, the discovery of which seemed to have surprised him. That it should have, strikes me as being odd, for the loading of ginseng with shot to increase its weight and swell the amount to be received for it, is a very old trick of sanger-diggers, as every one who has dealt with them ought to know. This is especially true of the sangers of the West Virginia mountains.

"Ginseng grows in all the rich upland woods of North America from Canada to the mountains of the Southern States, but especially in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys. It grows super-abundantly in the West Virginia mountains, and here the professional sanger is found in all his uniqueness. The sanger-diggers of Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and other States, are usually farmers and their families, who harvest the wild crop as an incidental, though profitable, addition to their regular farm products, but in West Virginia there are whole communities, the dwellers in which do no other work than digging ginseng and have no other income than the proceeds of the sale of the root.

"It is probably hardly necessary to say that these sangers are of a low order of humanity. There are scattering nomadic tribes of them in other parts of the State, but in the isolated counties of Greenbrier, Webster, Pendleton, and Nicholas a race of these people have a fixed habitation. They are a people by themselves, and a curious one. Their origin is unknown. I can remember when I was a boy in Virginia before the war, hearing the old colored mammy speak almost in whispers of the mysterious sangers of the mountains.

"They are described as elfish kings, who lurked in the fastnesses, always on the watch for fat negro babies, which they would carry away to their inaccessible haunts, there to roast and eat them. They also had eagles that did their bidding, and when it was not convenient to secure a baby themselves, they sent an eagle to swoop down and snatch a pickaninny from where it might be sleeping in the sun, and bear it away to the sangers. The eagles, too, always shared in their feast. The tales that the old slave woman used to tell of the horrible things the sangers had done and would do to bad boys and girls kept my young blood in a state of continuous chill, and kept me from many a bit of private mischief. The sanger was a most effective "bogy man," on our planta-

tion, at least.

"But the true sanger is above being the cave-dwelling little demon of slave-day lore. Instead of subsisting on roast pickaninny, he is satisfied with fried bacon and corn-bread. Ground-hog, coon, and possum he indulges in occasionally, if he feels like going and setting traps for them.

"There are deer and bear a-plenty in the mountains, but the sanger is no hunter. He does not take the gun, yet shot is always among the supplies he orders in return for the ginseng. He is an expert fisherman, though, and follows the rare trout streams of his habitat with great results. It is declared to be a fact,—but of this I have no personal knowledge, although I have no doubt that it is true,—that the young of owls and eagles, young skunks, and rattle snakes are by no means rarities in the sanger's larder. And yet, strange as it may seem, he looks with horror upon frogs as food.

"The sangers of that particular part of West Virginia are of small stature, a five-footer being an average-sized man. They are tough, tireless, and agile. They are peaceful, and not given much to the use of intoxicants. Their garb is grotesque in the extreme, being made up of any and all kinds of cast-off things, and frequently a covering, or half-covering, of rags and tatters. A single garment of tow or calico is enough for the women, and the numerous children run as naked as they were born as long as the weather will permit it. The only attempt at agriculture these people make is the scratching up of a little ground to raise the tobacco they use—and they all use it, regardless of age or sex, chiefly by smoking it in a corn-cob pipe. The women drink a tea made from pungent roots or sassafras bark. Marriage is not looked upon as necessary, although if a sanger wants to make the shaver of his hut his wife by marriage ceremony he may do so. But polygamous relations are not permitted under any circumstances.

"Naturally, or, perhaps, unnaturally, the members of the tribe are close of kin.

"They live in log huts with chimneys made of clay.

"There is never more than one room in a hut, and this serves for all the needs of the occupants.

"They sleep on the floor, and, although in the winter time they are frequently put to great straits for the necessaries of life, they seem happy amid their want and squalor.

"At such times it would be well for the outlying settlements if the sangers were hibernators, for shy as they are as a general thing about approaching the settlements, the depletion of granaries and smoke-houses therein shows that some sanger's necessity has been greater than his shyness.

"The sanger despises work and shuns it habitually, but a great change comes over him when the ginseng season arrives. The country store-keeper, who has frowned upon his efforts to get credit during the winter, now warms towards the sanger, and is glad to be on good terms with him, for he wants the profits of his season's sanging, and the country store-keeper makes a fat thing out of the sanger season. The ginseng season begins about the middle of May, when the tender green plant shows itself above the ground. The season ends about the middle of October, when the ripened berries have fallen, the plant turns yellow, withers away, and is indistinguishable from the surrounding undergrowth. The root is the only part of the plant that has commercial value, and even the root would not have any value but for the superstition of a semi-civilized people, who have made of what otherwise would be an inconsidered weed an article which has added millions to the exports of the United States. The root, when it comes from the ground, is a pale saturn color on the rind, the interior being pure

white. It has a feeble odour, and a sweet, slightly aromatic taste, not unlike licorice.

"Ginseng root is sold green to the country stores by the diggers. The rural dealers frequently offer prizes for the heaviest single root, and for the greatest number of pounds brought in by a single sanger. The price paid varies with the season, all calculations being made upon the basis of dry sanger.

"Thus in May and June the root is light, taking nearly five pounds of green to make one of dry. In July and August less than four pounds of green will yield a dry pound, and in September and October, the root having matured, less than three pounds of green will make one pound of dry root.

"As soon as the root is brought from the sangers, it is either dried in the sun or in kilns made for the purpose, or steamed and quickly evaporated. This last process produces the highest grade of ginseng known to the trade, it being clear and like water. But there is great risk to the country dealers in preparing the root in this way, and he prefers to dry it, and sell it in its natural condition. The faster the root can be dried the better for the rural merchant, for ginseng dried rapidly does not lose so much in weight as it does if dried slowly. It behoves the man who is dealing direct with the sanger to be up to all the tricks of the trade, for if he isn't, he will get left, just as the mountain merchant did who sold the invoice of ginseng to the Wheeling dealer the other day. The exporter will not buy a pound of ginseng that is not as dry as punk, and absolutely free from all other roots. The tricky sanger has a deft way of mixing poke root, colt's foot, angelica, elecampane, and other roots that are difficult of detection with his sack of ginseng. The sanger is very porous, and the sanger long ago discovered that by soaking it in water before taking it to market, he could add materially to its weight. But ramming shot into the roots and skillfully hiding the hole where they went in has always been the fraud of which he was most proud.

"All ginseng goes to China, where it is considered a panacea for all ills, the Chinese having used it in medical practice for centuries. Ginseng was known in China before America was discovered. It is the basis for the Chinese elixir of life, although, as a matter of fact, it has no active medical properties whatever. But if the Chinese want to think it has, and think it so strongly that they are not only willing but eager to pay about \$3,000,000 a year to get the 500,000 or 600,000 pounds of ginseng we produce in the United States, we ought not to kick or send scientific persons over there to labor with them, and convince they are all wrong. Ginseng doesn't hurt the Chinese, and it does us a heap of good." (And so say all of us patriots in West Virginia!)

Frozen to Death.

A thrilling report comes from Tucker county, of two school children, a brother and sister, perishing in the blizzard that raged on the 13th of February. The brother's age was 12 years and he took off and wrapped his coat around his sister aged 10 years, and when found they were folded in each other's arms. The papers are speaking of this self-sacrificing act in highest terms of eulogy. The New York Express, says: His conduct had in it all the highest elements of heroism. It was not inspired by love of glory or hope of reward, it was born of instinctive chivalry, and inspired by dauntless courage. To die in the blaze of battle is far less difficult, than to perish by inches after having deliberately sacrificed the last chance of safety in order to save another. There could be no sterner trial of heroism than this West Virginia boy stood the test, and the nation that lost him has reason for pride as well as regret. He was made of the right stuff for American citizenship,